

A North-Side View of Slavery.

A

SERMON

ON THE

CRIME AGAINST FREEDOM,

IN KANSAS AND WASHINGTON.

PREACHED AT HENNIKER, N. H.,

AUGUST 31, 1856,

BY EDEN B. FOSTER, 1813-1872

Pastor of John St. Church, Lowell, Mass.

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Henniker, N. H., Sept. 4th, 1856.

REV. E. B. FOSTER—

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned, being of the opinion that the Discourse delivered by you in this place on Sabbath afternoon, August 31st, may be productive of much good, do, in behalf of the people of this place, request a copy of the same for publication.

Respectfully Yours,

HORACE CHILDS,
ALFRED WINSHIP,
LEANDER W. COGSWELL.

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 8th, 1856.

TO MESSRS. HORACE CHILDS, ALFRED WINSHIP, AND L. W. COGSWELL—

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your friendly and generous communication. I submit the sermon, which you ask for publication, to your disposal.

Spending a vacation amongst the quiet glens and breezy hills of your beautiful town, (scenes remembered and dear,) called by your kindness to address you on a subject, thrilling all hearts with apprehension; feeling that the great question of civil and religious liberty is up again for settlement by the people of this land, and that the vital interests of the Republic are in danger, I spoke. The discussion is inadequate to the theme. Yet I leave it in your hands, for each humble influence has its place, and every patriot and christian, whether clergyman or layman, is called upon to clear his skirts of blood in this critical hour.

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I am, very respectfully yours,

E. B. FOSTER.

SERMON.

ISAIAH LVIII: 1.

CRY ALOUD, SPARE NOT; LIFT UP THY VOICE LIKE A TRUMPET, AND SHEW MY PEOPLE THEIR TRANSGRESSION, AND THE HOUSE OF JACOB THEIR SINS.

I speak to-day to those who know my manner of life, my habits of speech and my methods of doctrine. I speak to those who know that, as a minister of the gospel, I have not been guilty of undue interference with politics. I have studiously and religiously abstained from the introduction of any theme into my sermons and addresses which was not relevant to the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of souls. I speak to-day on the outrages in Kansas and Washington, because politics have now assumed a most solemn and momentous connexion with religion. The principles are in danger on which our republican system rests. The foundation is shaken which holds up our freedom of speech and our freedom of worship. I believe that this is a more important hour for our country than any other known in the history of this continent—more important than any crisis in colonial or revolutionary times,—because the essential doctrines which underlie a free government are now assailed with more subtlety and relentlessness than ever before. I believe that the election of the coming November will decide the destinies of this Republic. I believe that ministers of the gospel have a responsibility before God, in such times as these, for the use of their political influence, and that their account in the judgment will be unspeakably dreadful if they are faithless to Freedom. I believe that such men as the Pilgrim Fathers

never would have settled these shores if Robinson, Brewster, Hooker, Shepherd, John Cotton, and others like minded had not drawn from the Bible a civil constitution and a political rule and urged it upon their hearers. I believe that in the times of the Revolution those battles never would have been fought, and this confederation never would have been built up, if the clergy had been indifferent or hostile to the holy cause of Liberty. By all the blessings of civilization which were brought in when these States were founded, by all the religious interests which are imperiled if this Republic falls, I feel impelled to speak to-day. The theme transcends infinitely my poor ability, yet "hear me for my cause." It is a question between Freedom and Slavery for the whole wide land. It is a question between education and ignorance; between virtue and moral degradation; between generosity and brutality; between piety to God and profane infidelity; between free and productive industry and servile and profitless toil; between civil and religious liberty and an unmitigated despotism. These are the combatants, and this people are choosing between. It is a question whether you shall have any longer freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience, freedom of the Territories, freedom of the Northern States. The question has this wide sweep. Its decision involves the moral welfare of millions of souls. The subject is calculated to thrill upon all that is patriotic and holy in the human bosom.

Permit me to say the epithet "political priest" has no terrors for me now. The time has been when I should shrink from it. But the state of our country is different. Reputation and even life are of little value if our liberties are to be lost. It is time that politics should be associated with religion more closely than they have been.

While we abhor the union of church and State in the old prelatial, popish sense, and in any sense which denies the rights of conscience or regulates a man's belief by law, we do desire that the Bible should sway public sentiment, and that rules of divine equity should govern legislatures and administrations. Politics are not out of the range of God's inspection. Politics demand, as

much as any department of life the blessed power of piety. That minister is, in my judgment, entirely deceived as to his duty, who does not apply religious principles to politics, and business, and all relations of society and all affairs of life. That people are in a most fearful condition and are going rapidly down to barbarism who cannot bear to have their rules of government subjected to the ordeal of God's Law.

Political priest ! it is meant as a term of reproach—it is likely to become a title of honor. Satan, and his myrmidons, in lifting their mad-dog cry, and in affixing their stigmatising epithets to the holy cause of God, and to the noble hearted lovers of truth have overshot their mark and done their own cause irreparable harm. Then were the disciples called “christians” first in Antioch. The design was to brand them with a hated appellation, but it has been their glory and their joy ever since, and now the blessed name of christian fills the world with its melody. “Puritan” was once a by-word of shame, rolling from the tongues of the scurrilous and the profane, to disgrace and browbeat the friends of God—it is now first on the roll-call of honor, and hardly a man of New England who does not exult in Puritan principles, and thank God that he belongs to a Puritan ancestry. “Methodist” was once a stigma placed by the wicked upon the foreheads of the good, it is now a sweet, and holy, and cherished name in all lands. Let the haters of freedom call me “political priest” when they will and where they will. I enter no demurrer. I will strive by a patriotic and christian spirit, by an exalted and just discussion of political doctrine, by a holy life and an inflexible adherence to candor and truth, to make the title significant, beautiful, and honorable. I will strive to make it quite as honorable for one class of ministers to defend Freedom as it is for another class to defend Slavery.

The clergyman who dares to speak in favor of Freedom is now termed “a dabbler in the mire of politics.” No, my hearers, no, no ! We strive to take politics up out of the mire, and place them upon the elevated platform of eternal equity, where love to God, and love to man, and love to right shall appear, clear as the sun, and with a mighty force of attraction like that

of the sun. Too long have certain politicians been dabbling, by their own confession, in the mire, and endeavoring to drag down the holy science of government into that miasmatic and filthy swamp. Too long have we seen them plunging and wallowing in that mire, like Pliable in the Slough of Despond, with their face always towards the city of destruction. There is a high and solid table land of justice, freedom and nationality,—a broad plain of sunlight, where statesmen can build their beautiful palaces; and all classes and colors can enjoy their rights; and nations can live in loving amity; and clergymen, if true lovers of freedom, can think and speak without being ostracised; and all can be nobleness, prosperity, and peace. We invite politicians themselves to leave the mire, and to come up upon that Table Land. But whether they will or no, we desire to take the interests of the Republic, and the principles of government up thither.

There is a science of political economy worthy of the approbation of manly hearts. There is a scheme of government where men are brothers, living together in fraternal fellowship, blessing each other, and blessed themselves. There is a rule of Freedom, accordant with Christ's religion; the friend of genius; the patron of domestic love; the source of all industrial virtues; the high road to the Millennium. There is an eternal law of God, whose government over politics is infinitely blessed, whether men scout it or not. We are heart sick of your low, noisy, earth-born politics—your false expediency—your hollow compromises—your perpetual tiger watch after sectional advantages—your breaches of holy faith—your remorseless assaults upon the negro, and the white man—your repudiation of the self-oblivious magnanimity of the Fathers of the Republic—your treachery to all the early principles of statesmanship—your cool contempt of God. Come out ye christian men and women from fellowship with all this, and help to lift this your beloved country out of the mire.

We are called to-day to consider not so much the abolition of Slavery as the abolition of Freedom. We are brought, I believe, to the consideration of the greatest and most transcendent

question which has ever occurred in our political history. The nation is called to lay the foundations, and fix the institutions of a new empire, the great Pacific slope and the Northern Mississippi valley—almost a new world. An extent of territory larger than twice the old thirteen States, larger than 60 States like Massachusetts, or New Hampshire, awaits the action of this nation. It will form a part of our Union or an independent Republic, and whether united with us or broken off from us, its political and social character will be formed according to the shape it now receives. Upon us of this day, *upon us of this hour*, rests the dread responsibility of making this a slave empire or a republic of freemen. It is supposed that 80 years will not elapse, that the child now living will not die, before these United States, (whether then united or dissevered will make little difference in this respect) will number 200 millions of inhabitants. The population of new States increases much more rapidly than that of old States, and we may suppose that of this 200 millions, at least 100 millions will be found on territory for which we are now devising governments. Shall this 100 millions of people be weighed down with the incubus of Slavery, or be invigorated and enobled by the free and elastic spirit of liberty? This is the question which we are now necessitated to ponder and so far as we have influence to decide.

The proposition to extend Slavery into free territory I regard exactly as I should the proposition to plant it in our own State. Or rather the moral principle is the same, and the results on the same scale are the same. But I regard the proposition with as much greater fear and disapprobation as the future interests of that immeasurable empire transcend the interests of this little State—with reluctance and anxious foreboding as much more intense as the welfare of 100 millions surpasses that of 500,000.

Now, we all feel that there could be no excuse for bringing Slavery into this State. It would be an infinite evil, an unspeakable moral wrong. It would be a fearful political blunder, and an unmitigated crime, destitute of all palliation, and calculated to sink us forever in the scale of States. I do not suppose there is a man in New Hampshire who would deliberately con-

sent to have Slavery as firmly planted in his own State as it is in South Carolina for any earthly consideration. My hearers, let the mind ponder for a moment on this one point. Would you be willing to have this become a Slave State? Would you be willing to have 300,000 slaves, and a proportionate number of slaveholders come in here; and scatter their slaves all over the commonwealth; and own well nigh the entire property; and mingle slave labor with free; and usurp the making of your laws; and control your political action; and infuse slavery sentiments and slavery vices, into the hearts of your children? No, your soul would utterly revolt from such a catastrophe. You would exclaim with one voice, "give us mildew or blight, pestilence, or famine, or war sooner." Our fields may be devastated by fire, our population may be decimated by disease, our villages may be ravaged by a relentless foe, our young men may be slain by the sword, yet future years could assuage the grief, and re-illumine hope, and heal again the awful breach,—but let slavery, with all its moral, social and political evils enter in, and who could look forward with clear and glad assurance to their mitigation or removal? And if slavery would be a dreadful calamity to us, it would be a woe even more fearful to Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, Washington, California—more fearful, because with our education and religion, and stability of character we could lift up some slight barrier against the incursions of the foe, but in a new country, where the people are migratory and uncertain, with no endearments of old associations, with no fixed habits of thought, with no settled religious principle to make them steadfast against wrong, where fashion and interest and policy are likely to gain control, where luxury and wealth and ease are sure to be unduly prized, and where slavery, if it once enters, will strike deep its roots and spread broad its branches, and fasten its pestilential influence upon the country beyond the reach of remedy, then no hope can be entertained. Shall we not then feel for these boundless regions of the Mississippi valley and the Pacific clime somewhat as we would feel for our own State? We have our proportion of influence—we have our share of political power—and shall slavery ever be extended over these territories,

by our consent, or with our silent connivance? My own convictions are such that if I should keep silent in this crisis, so long as I had the faintest hope of exerting any moral power, so long as I had strength and permission to utter one religious truth, I should feel on account of that silence deeply condemned and miserable. I am not riding a hobby. I am not mounting a war horse, urging it into the thick of the battle, and pressing recklessly over political obligations in my zeal for moral principle. I cherish the deepest reverence for the constitution of my country, and acknowledge that I cannot calculate the extent of the blessing it has conferred upon us as a people. I am a loyal subject of the government. I am an unwavering friend of the Union. I shrink back with utter horror from civil war. I am for the fraternity of the States as well as for abstract justice and heavenly mercy. It is because I desire the perpetuity of our republican government, and the safety and strength of our admirable Constitution that I am earnestly opposed to the extension of Slavery.

I firmly believe that if Slavery goes beyond its present boundaries our republic is doomed to fall. I believe this not simply because the displeasure of Heaven will be excited against us and the retributive judgments of Heaven will fall upon us, but because slavery and republicanism are perfectly antagonistic to each other. I know not that this position needs any elaborate proof. It seems to me self-evident, from the very definition of republicanism and slavery. Republicanism is the distribution of power and privilege equally to all the people—slavery is the elevation of a part of the people to the enjoyment of all power and all privilege, and the total subjection of the rest under their feet, so that they have no privileges and no rights. The one is democracy—the other is absolute monarchy, or I know not what absolutism means. Now, I receive most cordially and fully the opening doctrine of our Declaration of Independence, “God has created all men free and equal.” I believe the doctrine of the Bible that he has made of one blood all men who dwell upon the face of the earth. I believe that all have sprung from one human pair, and that God never intended that one family or race

should lord it over another. I believe that every man, of every tribe, has an immortal soul, formed with capacities for infinite improvement, and measureless felicity, and that in Heaven the negro will have no black sin to make him an object of pity or scorn. I believe that Christ died for the African as much as for you or for me. I believe that the inequalities which are found among races, and among individual men are the work of sin, are the crime of man, and not the work of God. I believe that God distributes his gifts of intellect equally. One man has genius and learning, another man has an ordinary and ignorant mind. But what has education done? What have peculiar advantages and earnest application done? What has the sin and the folly of parents done? What have the errors of a long line of ancestors done? Take away the crime of ancestors and the folly of parents, and the errors of education, and the influence of unhappy circumstances, and I believe that all men are equal, equal in intellect and in heart, equal before God, and before human codes, equal in their claims to all the privileges which constitutions and laws can bestow. I believe that in the ignorant family of the city and in the uncultivated family of the country there are gems of intellect often to be found which, with the kindly care of christian love, and the polishing hand of instruction, would shine as brightly as any of our most talented men.

I believe that the most brilliant intellects and most useful talents of the country have often come from homes of obscurity. I believe that the abject slave of the South, with the rights of freemen, with the religion of Christ, and with the culture of ages, may stand as high upon the summits of intellect, science and philosophy as any Englishman or any American that ever lived. But, leaving these more abstract considerations, I propose to turn your attention —

I. TO THE CRIME AGAINST FREEDOM IN KANSAS.

The history of Slavery aggressions, as connected with this territory, is briefly as follows: In 1845 a war was commenced with Mexico, the result of which was the acquisition of a vast amount of territory—most of it south of the line of 36 degrees

30 minutes—and of course adapted to the purposes of slavery. In 1848-49-50, an earnest and protracted conflict was carried on between the two sections of the country, with regard to the application of the Wilmot Proviso, particularly to New Mexico, Utah and California. The rush after gold filled California with unprecedented rapidity, and prepared her to come in as a State without a territorial organization, and as a State she chose her own institutions. The conflict then had main reference to New Mexico. On both sides of the question it was maintained by certain statesmen that as New Mexico was a mountainous country, her soil and climate and geography forbade her being a slave State, and she must, in the nature of things, become a free State. On this ground southern men urged that the Proviso was a gratuitous and wanton insult to their feelings,—that Nature had shut out Slavery, and that any further law of prohibition was purely and only a device to show the preponderance and arrogant authority of northern power. This view, both as to the destiny of New Mexico, and as to the spirit of the North was strenuously resisted by most of the friends of freedom; but this was the view adopted by Mr. Webster, and it was the one which prevailed. The Compromises of 1850 passed into law; the Wilmot Proviso was utterly repudiated, for the ostensible reason that the sensibilities of slaveholders would be needlessly wounded; and the whole vast territory south of the Missouri line was left utterly undefended if Slavery chose to enter.

North of that line, it was supposed by everybody there was an impregnable defence. But Slavery stops not at any Chinese wall. It was proposed to repeal the Missouri restriction, by the Kansas and Nebraska Bill. Now, again, the cry was raised on many sides that Kansas was only adapted to Freedom, and that no restriction was necessary. But in this case it was forgotten that the insult offered by legislation was offered to Freedom and to the sensibilities of freemen. If legislation could not alter the great, appointed, natural fact, why legislate at all? If Slavery could not enter Kansas why wound the hearts of the free North, and throw scorn upon their opinions by any pretence

that it wished to enter ? Especially, why break down a sacred covenant of thirty-three years' standing, to secure nothing at all ? Why heap indignity upon the great and holy Ordinance of 1787, if Slavery did not expect to gain an advantage thereby ? Why stir up an excitement through the whole North, and cause the hearts of free men to throb with indignation and fear, if there was no covert purpose concealed under that cry of popular sovereignty, and that specious Nebraska Bill ? The simple truth is the South never returned that high and chivalric courtesy which Webster had shown to them, in his fear of wounding Southern sensibilities. They were willing to trample on Northern feelings and Northern rights, and guaranteed immunities. They were determined to carry Slavery into Kansas. They had no idea of any laws of geography which would shut it out ; and they were resolved that laws of history, laws of honor, laws of precedent, laws of legislative pact, should be as powerless. They had no scruples of politeness, or of conscience — they had no scruples of fear,— they were not Union Savers. They were willing that the cry of squatter sovereignty should go from John O'Groat's to Land's End, or in other words, from Madawaska to the Rio Grande — but when you come to apply the principle, O, that is altogether another matter. Now when the rule of squatter sovereignty is coming into practical operation, it is found that Freedom has got the start, and it is also found necessary to bring in a new method of legislation. Squatterism having failed, Slavery devises another system of tactics, which may properly be called, equestrianism. Borderers come riding in, with drunken shouts and savage glee, to see to the voting, while the poor, bewildered settlers have the privilege of sitting quietly at home, and seeing how beautifully squatter sovereignty is proved to be unconstitutional, and how nicely equestrian sovereignty takes its place. If the old rotten borough system of England, had any thing to match this, it was high time, certainly, that a reform Parliament should be chosen. In Kansas now it is no longer popular sovereignty, but invader sovereignty. For a long time the cry was "non-intervention," but as the mind of man is proverbially like the pendulum,

swinging from one extreme to the other, the rule in Kansas now is, *nothing but* intervention. The rights of the settlers are wholly forgotten, and the will of Atchison, Stringfellow, and other borderers alone is dominant.

It is said that the men of Kansas have resisted the United States' Government. It is also said that they should have awaited the action of laws, and courts, and Congress. They were without laws from the beginning. The national government had forsaken them from the outset. "I looked, and on the side of the oppressor there was power." The very principle of squatter sovereignty by which the President and Congress had invited them to enter was utterly ignored. Compacts had been broken once, it was natural they should be broken again. The settlers did obey the Federal authorities. They had carefully observed all the institutes of Congress. They had only refused allegiance to an illegal legislature, chosen by foreigners, and imposed upon them by armed power. They only interposed to rescue one of their own citizens from the hands of a false sheriff, when he and his men had already shot down one citizen and were carrying off another. When it is said that those Free State settlers have resisted the government of the United States, it becomes necessary to allude to familiar facts. Mark how a plain story will put the allegation down. It was on the 29th day of last November that Gov. Shannon issued his proclamation, stating that "lawless men of Douglass county had, on the 26th of the same month, rescued a prisoner from the custody of the sheriff of said county, and had confederated together for the purpose of opposing by force and violence the execution of the laws of the territory." This was the first charge of lawlessness against those men. Four times had the Missourians come in upon them, suppressing the ballot, dictating their officers and institutions; yet the free settlers had lifted no hand of opposition. Not far from the Missouri line three free settlers, Branson, Dow and Farley, had taken claims near together. Coleman, a violent, quarrelsome Missourian came in and jumped Farley's claim. A controversy ensued—the matter was submitted to an arbitration, and they decided that

Coleman must leave. This enraged Coleman, and with five borderers who were his accomplices, Buckley, Hargous, Moody, Wagoner and Reynolds, he set about his revenge. He stole Farley's shingles. He went in upon Farley's claim, and cut timber to build his house in another part of the prairie. He and his confederates cut and used a large quantity of Farley's timber, in burning a lime kiln. He watched his opportunity, and one day, (the 30th of March,) when Farley was gone from home, he drove Mrs. Farley from her house out of doors, and threw the goods out after her. He was exceedingly violent with Branson, and Dow, and Farley, because they sold timber to Free State men to build on the prairie where there was none. On Thursday, the 22d of Nov., Dow met Coleman and remonstrated with him for his conduct. He was entirely unarmed, and had no thought of giving provocation. He turned to go home, heard the click of a gun, faced round again towards Coleman, received two balls in his breast and fell dead. Coleman and his associates then fled to Gov. Shannon. On Sunday the 25th of November at nine o'clock at night, sheriff Jones and fifteen men entered the house of Branson, seized him, and carried him away prisoner. This was done because he was the most important witness against the murderer. In two hours after, fifteen free settlers rescued Branson, heading the other party, telling Branson to get off his mule, and walk into their midst, and thus, simply by the power of a calm courage, without shedding a drop of blood, taking him back unharmed to Lawrence. The same night two shanties, those of Coleman and Buckley, were burned, it is supposed by themselves, for sinister purposes, for it is known that no free settler touched them. These were the events on which false rumors were built, spreading like wildfire over Platte county, Missouri, and leading to the gathering of an armed and remorseless force to the siege of Lawrence.

At this juncture of affairs, on Tuesday, Nov. 27th, a meeting of the Lawrence settlers was held, G. P. Lowrie, Esq., (secretary to Gov. Reeder,) chairman of the meeting. It was addressed by Geo. Wood, Esq., Mr. J. B. Abbott, Mr. Conway

of Council City, and others. They all stated explicitly that they would obey the United States' authorities, the organic act of Congress; the courts created under it; the judges and marshals appointed by the President. They declared that if wrong was done under these authorities their only opposition should be an appeal to the General Government and to the Supreme Court of the United States. At the same time they repudiated utterly and to the end the acts of the fraudulent Missouri Legislature, and the county officers appointed by them, of whom sheriff Jones of Weston, Missouri, was one. Now, if any body can discover in all these proceedings, either in deed or word, resistance to the Federal Government, or to the laws of Congress, they can discover a pin in a hay mow. The resistance of the borderers to United States' law, and to laws of equity, had been from the beginning as plain as the hay mow itself, but the resistance of the Kansas settlers has not been found.

That meeting of the 27th of Nov., adopted the following resolution :

"In our territory, outrage and midday murder are becoming the rule; the law, the only authoritative engine to regulate excesses and restrain wrongs, has never yet been extended to our territory. We are reduced to the necessity of organizing ourselves together on first principles for common defence and security." Now, where is the company of innocent men in the wide world, if they were men, especially if they carried the old Puritan faith and the old Saxon spirit in their bosoms, who, under such wrongs, would not come to the same determination? Those men have borne and forborne to the last extremity. A bloody and intolerant code, such as no civilized nation has adopted for the last century has been set up over them. The right of trial by jury has been abolished and the Habeas Corpus denied. Test oaths have been introduced disfranchising men for political opinion. The press has been shackled and the tongue has been padlocked. Penalties of hideous barbarity have been enacted, requiring men for the expression of opinion, to be manacled with chains of six feet in length, with three-eighths of an inch

links, dragging a ball of iron six inches in diameter, chained thus in couples, and driven to work upon the highways in ignominy and agony. Exorbitant fines, imprisonment for five years, death itself were decreed simply for the expression of opinions. A free State hotel, a free State press, and a free State bridge have been indicted as nuisances by a grand jury, under explicit instructions from the territorial court. Lawrence has been cannonaded, sacked and destroyed. A general foray of fighting men from the South has been introduced, and these men have been enrolled as a posse of the United States, have been paid out of the Federal treasury, have been officered by the general government. Gov. Robinson and other leading citizens of the territory, are under arrest this day, on a charge of constructive treason, when no overt act of resistance to United States' laws had been offered, and only an assembly had been held, as peaceful and as innocent as this which meets in this house to-day. Houses have been burned; trunks pillaged; horses stolen; innocent travelers robbed; and women subjected to unheard of outrages and abuse. Dow, and Barber, and Brown, and Collins, and Jones, and Stewart, and Hopps, and Jennison, and Williams, and Phillips, and many others, have been waylaid when alone, and stealthily, and remorselessly, and in cold blood shot dead. The army of the United States has been drawn from its barracks, to uphold these infamous laws and these persecuting men. A tyranny has been perpetrated there which finds no parallel under Austrian Emperor, or Russian Czar, or French Usurper, or Turkish Sultan, or Mohammedan Pasha, or in the savage solitudes of Arab or Karen marauders. And yet those free State settlers have borne and forborne still. They have lifted no hand against any federal officer, or Congressional enactment, or Presidential decree. New decrees of death are going out to that fated territory from the national administration. New bands of Southerners are rushing in there, whose only motto is, "kill, burn and destroy." New forces of the State militia and standing army are gathering to support this wickedness, and to reap the spoils, as vultures hasten to the prey. Kansas is doomed. Free labor, and free speech, justice

and religion, must perish in this fair land. Our kindred there must be hunted like wild beasts, shot down without remorse, driven away from that Mesopotamia of the land, that pleasant garden of their choice, where liberty and law had both invited them to enter, and treated as the offscouring of the earth. Noble hearts, beating high with the pulses of Freedom, filled with the love of Bible truth, following the pole star of Republican equality, seeking to bless the land with free institutions, and with the examples of holiness and heroism, must there be crushed. May God avert the omens of fear. May God teach us our duty in this crisis.

II. Let us consider, very briefly, THE CRIME AGAINST FREEDOM IN WASHINGTON.

I pause not to give the particulars of the assault made by Preston S. Brooks upon the beloved Senator of Massachusetts, when he left him in his blood, insensible as the floor on which his wounded body lay, beaten well nigh to death, and it may be to actual death, as all presages too sadly portend. Individual perils are forgotten in the magnitude of the assault then made. It was a blow struck with audacity and with power at the very heart of the Republic. Freedom was there wounded, and left fainting. In that dark hour the nation took a long stride forward from a government of constitutions and laws to a government of clubs. The blow which leveled Sumner, prostrated more glad hopes than any other blow ever struck in this country,

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen,
Then you and I and all of us fell down
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us."

It is perfectly obvious that freedom of discussion is now put in imminent peril throughout the Northern States. It has long been known that no man could safely express opinions unfavorable to slavery in the midst of any slaveholding population. Recently, Mr. J. C. Underwood, a gentleman of intelligence and high social position, owning his 800 acres, cultivating

them by free labor, has been driven from Virginia for the expression of his political opinions. Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman, of Barnwell Court House, S. C., son of the Burman missionary, has been expelled from his field of labor for his political opinions. He was not permitted the privilege of silence. He had not preached on the subject of slavery. He had not thrust his views in any man's face. A committee was sent to him to catechize him. Do you believe in the outrages perpetrated in Kansas? No. Do you believe in the propriety of raining murderous blows upon the head of a Senator in Congress for words spoken in debate? No. Then do you quit your pulpit, and quit these provinces. Even women have been persecuted with unrelenting cruelty for expressing anti-slavery views, and ladies of educated and amiable, and gentle life, like Delia A. Webster, have been driven with wolfish ferocity from the Southern borders. Senator Foote expressed openly in debate, a desire that he might have John P. Hale in Mississippi, where, as he declared, for the utterance of opinions, he would be hung by lynch law to the first tree. For a long time the South struggled fiercely in Congress to suppress freedom of debate. They denied the right of petition. They applied what was called the Atherton gag. They sought to expel John Quincy Adams for his heroic resistance to their demands, and if his courage and his talent had not been given him of God for the very crisis, they would have subdued him, if they had not expelled him. For a time they had apparently given up the effort to prohibit debate, but distant and not ambiguous menaces have been from time to time thrown out that the floors of Congress should be crimsoned with blood. Latterly they have grown more bold, and their tyranny has swelled in the same proportion. Their marvelous success in repealing the Missouri Compromise; their unexpected power in setting up intolerant laws in Kansas, and making free speech there a felony to be punished with incarceration and with death; their onward steps of aggression in securing Federal officers and the standing army of the Republic to enforce their dark enactments; their ability, by judicial process, to secure the imprisonment of Williamson in

the great State of Pennsylvania, simply for truthful and gentlemanly words; all these triumphs have seemingly convinced them that the hour had come for ending free speech. Now let the threat pass into execution, let Rust flog Greeley, let Herbert kill Keating, let Brooks slaughter Sumner, and the North will learn their place, and these licentious tongues and presses will be somewhat more modest, or in parliamentary language, will be "subdued."

Mr. Sumner, when he spoke for Freedom, on Southern soil, undertook a task which was no sinecure, and no summer's play. What though he stood in the Senate, the great citadel of constitutional liberty? It was the deadly, imminent breach, more fearful to occupy than any forefront of battle, where arms are raging and corpses are falling. What though his words were strictly parliamentary, so that not a man once called him to order during his entire speech? The deadly bludgeon and the murderous thought were not far distant. None but a stern old Roman soul, like that of John Quincy Adams, is competent to stand up before the haughty Southern Power, and describe its injustice and blazon its wrong. None but a man imbued with the spirit of the Bible, and resting upon its eternal principles; fearing God; putting truth before policy; preferring human rights to political honors; lifting man above all his adjuncts,—can occupy and lead that forlorn hope.

It is unnecessary to say that the main prop of our liberties is struck away when free discussion ceases. This is understood in every tyranny under the sun. Austria establishes a censorship of the press. Italy, with usurped ecclesiastical power, institutes an espionage in every family, and words spoken in the familiar talk of the fireside, are reported at the secret tribunal, and expiated in the secret dungeons. France in the Reign of Terror, allowed no minister to preach, no lawyer to plead, no author to print, without governmental license; and pitiable was the fate of him who dared to call his brains or his soul his own. No despotism was ever established and maintained where freedom of speech was tolerated; no despotism was ever overthrown where freedom of speech was denied. The Slave Power have

already made a great advance towards the accomplishment of their designs, and if they can only bribe into silence or quell into fear the free presses and free tongues of the North, their schemes are fulfilled, and all the genius, virtue, manliness, and religion of this country go down into one common grave.

Let us remember how dearly the Fathers prized the right of free discussion. It was for this one purpose mainly that they left their native land, and pitched their tents in an untrodden wilderness. It was on this one point more than all others that they took issue with the despots of the old world. Authority and prescription could not bind their conscience. The decrees of Synods and Popes could not control their mind. The edicts of aristocracies and oligarchies could not manacle their opinions. They held to free speech and a free press. They demanded the right and maintained the privilege of unrestricted debate. When this privilege could not be granted to them in the old world, they fled into the solitudes of the new, and here they determined that that privilege should be enjoyed. We need to cherish a higher and more unshaken regard for the sacredness of free discussion. It is a most alarming omen when arguments are to be answered with blows of the bludgeon, and opinions are to be propagated at the pistol's mouth. Slavery may continue to place its fetters upon the limbs of black men—this is an evil sufficiently great and alarming—let it not bind our souls, nor padlock our lips. Its demand for silence is a most preposterous one, and is decisive of its own utterly untenable character. Free thought and free speech are fundamental to this Republic. Our whole scheme of government and religion is built upon them. If these foundations are undermined the whole structure falls. It is the central theory of our system that we bind no manacles upon opinion, we hold in no intellect with bit and curb. In this land of freedom man's ultimate accountability is to God. The laws do not impose upon him a religious creed, nor prescribe a political economy. Much less do they allow any lord of the lash or of the club to stand before you, and with arrogant demand to say thus and thus you must believe, and thus and thus you must speak, or this leaded cane shall dash out your

brains, or this dagger shall drink your blood. We are not quite prepared to be thus subdued.

It is true that in the freedom which we claim as our birth-right and prize as our chief treasure, there are strong tendencies to anarchy in government and infidelity in religion. It is true that Satan, who is subtle in his wiles and malignant in his hate would like to change our freedom into licentiousness, and our liberty into mobocracy. But after all these dangers, growing out of the peculiar freedom of our institutions and our mind, we believe that God is stronger than all falsehoods and all wicked men. We believe that stagnant thought and a fettered conscience, and a shackled press, are evils infinitely worse than any which have ever sprung from free discussion. Let truth and error meet in the open field. A fair opportunity for each; a free encounter; and God for the right.

It is perfectly plain that when Mr. Sumner was struck down, all our privileges were leveled in the dust. Mr. Sumner had offered a most conclusive plea for Kansas. By that blow our brothers and sisters, in that distant territory, whom we love as the apple of our eye, and whom we cherish as the heart's blood, who have gone there with noblest purposes to colonize and improve the broad stretching prairies of this vast continent, and to introduce religion and civilization the midst of roaming savages and howling wolves, are smitten in their dearest hopes and given over to Slavery's rule. Not only their liberties but ours are assailed. It is vain, my hearers, for us to imagine that we can sit much longer under our own vine and fig tree and unmolested worship God; vain to suppose that our schools, our churches, and presses, our free assemblies, our republican institutions, our unrestricted speech around our own fireside, can continue; vain to think that we can educate our children to noble aims; vain to pretend that our fathers' blood has purchased for us any valuable possession; vain to dream that we shall long enjoy exemption ourselves from the bitterest persecutions of the most intolerant times, from the assassin's bludgeon, the executioner's axe, and the consuming sword of war, if such outrages are any longer tolerated. Mr. Sumner argued for the

security, the honor, and the perpetuity of free labor. By that blow the Industry of the North is disgraced and enfeebled. Mr. Sumner is the representative of the State, and by that blow the commonwealth has been struck at and insulted. Mr. Sumner is the impersonation of a principle, and in him the Slave Power, when it struck that blow, endeavored to destroy the life of Liberty. Truth struck to earth shall rise again, for "the eternal years of God are hers"—but it may be in other lands, and under more auspicious skies. I am not all sure that truth will ever rise again in this unhappy Republic. I am stricken with mortification and grief, well nigh despair, for my beloved country. Freedom, child of God, and mother of salvation, though maligned and opposed by those who enthrone their own passions over the divine law—though followed with persecuting rage by the selfish and the cruel—though hindered by pride, avarice, revenge, sensuality—shall yet triumph somewhere, and in the end—but for the present, the blow which leaves Mr. Sumner weltering in his blood, inflicts a paralysis upon Freedom also.

I proceed to consider

III. Some of the EXCUSES which are offered for these wrongs, and the OBJECTIONS which are urged against the claims of Freedom.

1. It is said in excuse for these outrages, and in opposition to the claims of Freedom, that there is a fierce hatred cherished by Northern against Southern men. No, my hearers, no! I believe in no such ferocity. There is no spirit of hatred whatsoever.

We pity them deeply—we love them strongly—but we desire that the aggressions of Slavery may be stayed. We are bound to them by ties which have held us with the strength of iron bands. Reminiscences of the past and hopes of the future ally us. We are knit together by those old and hallowed associations of colonial and revolutionary times. Our Fathers and theirs stood side by side, with arms interlocked, and with hearts whose palpitations met and mingled against the savage Indian, the

treacherous French, the oppressive English. Together they conquered the wilderness, together built up this Republic. Their loves, their intermarriages, their lineage of language and of faith, their communion in peril and sorrow, cemented them closely and indissolubly. When the brand of war was lighted it went from Northern outpost of lake and hill top to Southern boundary of morass and thicket, from Eastern ocean to Western prairie,—it glanced from hand to hand, like the Scottish signal when runners were sent forth to rouse the tribes, and patriots were many, and traitors were few. There was but one voice in halls of debate—but one rallying cry when their armies were roused. It mattered not whether Patrick Henry or James Otis, John Adams or John Rutledge lifted the eloquent warning; whether Washington or Greene, Sumpter or Prescott, Marion or Warren, headed the onset, their spirit was one and their aims the same. Their views were identical as they discussed their danger; their arms were linked and their feet were steady as their serried files pressed on to battle. They rested and communed together by bed and by board—they laid down to their last sleep together on stormy battle fields and in quiet graves. Return, ye happy days of amity and fraternity—but not, O not, by the destruction of Freedom.

There is no hatred felt by us towards our Southern brethren. They are our brethren, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh—our blood courses too nearly not to claim dearest affinities. There is hardly a family in New England which has not some of its members at the South. I remember the son of my father's brother—gentlemanly and accomplished, taught in the college, trained for the ministry—though he is not now a minister. I sat at the same board with him for months, and slept in the same bed—we read from the same books, and mingled our thoughts and sports, and griefs. He went to the South—engaged for years in teaching—intermarried there—and is now by right of his wife, a slaveholder. I loved him, I love him still. But am I blind to the aggressions of Slavery? Am I indifferent to the welfare of my country? Am I a traitor to the great principles of genuine Republicanism? Am I dead, thrice dead, and plucked up by

the roots, that I do not see the perils of Kansas? Am I lost to all pity and love to my beleaguered kindred in that territory where right is on their side, and all heavenly voices summon me to the rescue? I hope I am not a traitor false to truth, nor a border ruffian false to honor, to trample down the rights of free-men. I love my cousin, but I love my country also. "Not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more." I would plead with my dear kindred in the South, with tears and kindest importunity would I plead with them. I would not harm the hair of their head. I would not lay ruthless hand upon the smallest of their rights. I would not disturb the guarantees of the constitution by which their slave property so called, is made secure, until they, moved by the truth and power of God, are ready to cooperate in the holy and most blessed work of emancipation. I stand by stipulations made to them—I ask for a return of honor and faith—I defend the country's rights. When the South rush forth into free territory to fix there their terrible oppression; when they by most ominous faithlessness break down compacts; by dark injustice overthrow Freedom; with mad ambition plot for universal Empire; when they assume that their system of wickedness can shelter anywhere in the land under the broad wing of the constitution; when they threaten that the roll-call of their slaves shall yet echo under the shadow of Bunker's monument, I must beg to be excused from connivance or toleration of any such plan. I love my kindred at the South, and the whole people of the South. But I love also the honor of my native land—I love the approbation of my God—I love the larger kindred, whose homes and interests are now and are hereafter to be under the protection of Freedom. I love the great moral principles on which all national strength and human welfare are built. And when I am false to my country and my God for any considerations of personal partiality or private advantage, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and this poor body be laid low in the grave. Life to me is worthless, if I cannot be true to my conscience in the great matters of Religion and Freedom.

2. It is said in excuse for these wrongs, and in opposition to the claims of Freedom, that the Emigrant Aid Societies have caused the whole disturbance. *They* have now been found to be unconstitutional. But their purposes have been peaceable and humane, their plans noble and upright. They have trespassed on no man's rights—they have neither exercised nor tolerated a predatory, unscrupulous spirit. No possible action could be conceived more legitimate, more honorable, more entirely unobjectionable. You cannot fail to remember the origin of these Societies. The Nebraska bill was introduced, and at once a universal cry of fear and remonstrance arose from the North, it is a violation of compacts—it is contrary to the whole spirit of the constitution, and the whole course of legislation from the beginning—it is unprecedented, uncalled for, unjust, unkind. The reply was “squatter sovereignty!” The discussion went on earnest and able; sometimes impassioned; but always from the lowest depths of their conscientious convictions and patriotic emotions did the arguments of freemen come. On the other side were urged various scriptural theories, and various political theories, and various considerations that were neither scriptural nor political—but of all considerations that which had the most potent and magic force was “squatter sovereignty.” The bill passed. The Missouri Compromise was broken down. The pro-slavery scheme was consummated. The gates of Kansas were flung wide open to all incomers. But still the cry of squatter sovereignty was dinned into all ears—that was the balsam for all wounds; let the people of the territory form their own institutions. In this crisis the migratory and enterprising, and liberty loving people of New England, seeing there was but one hope left, said, let us adopt this principle of the Administration. We have long desired a Western home, now, in the name of the Lord of Freedom, and of those sublime principles for which the Fathers bled, let us go to that land and settle, and there let us form the institutions of freedom which shall be the glory of our posterity to the latest times. It was my right, if I chose, to go to Kansas, and make it my home. It was my right to help my neighbor to go. It was my right to join an organized society,

and ask for an act of incorporation, that our associated property might be secure. These were all rights of common law, and statute law in all the States; rights of undoubted principle and immemorial custom through the land. These rights infringed upon no man's privileges, and denied no rule of equity or jurisprudence. Those men who went to Kansas were actual settlers. They adopted the principle of popular sovereignty, and they adopted it in good faith—they expected that the administration would stand to their own doctrine. There are some in New England, who have supposed that that doctrine would never be permitted to rule Kansas. It was foredoomed to Slavery—and if the popular will in the territory should prove to be unfavorable to Slavery, there was another sovereignty, lying back of that, stronger and fiercer, and to that all popular institutions and republican rights must bow. But the settlers themselves from New England and from the West, going out independently, or with the encouragement of the Emigrant Aid Society, went with holy fidelity and generous trust, expecting to adopt this principle and to form their own institutions.

I think it would be difficult to impeach the Emigrant Aid Society, or the emigrants themselves, if you look at the character, designs and conduct of the men. A nobler body of men have not laid the foundations of infant societies, or built up the pillars of flourishing States in all our history. No exodus since the departure of Israel from Egypt, or of the Puritans from Holland, has been a more intelligent, high minded religious enterprise. They were worthy sons of Puritan sires, holding their fathers' faith in their souls, as well as their fathers' blood in their veins; maintaining fully and exhibiting grandly the hereditary courage, self-denial, and patriotism of their race. They went to Kansas knowing that trials stood in their path, but wishing to bless their children with peace, and to widen the area of Freedom.

“I see them on their winding way—
Around their ranks the moonbeams play.”

There is sorrow in their hearts at parting from Eastern friends—there is twilight hanging over their own immediate future.

But, if their aims are fulfilled, there is sunlight beyond—an inheritance of bliss for their children and their childrens' children to latest generations. They set up their tents in the wilderness, "with hymns of lofty cheer;" with sufferings of body for a time, but hopes of happiness not far away; dedicating their newly chosen State to Freedom and committing their interests to God. They went there, to transplant to the prairie wilderness another New England. They went there to carry a christian civilization. Free schools, free churches, books and newspaper are as necessary to their life as their daily bread. Under their auspices mechanic arts, mills, inventions, improved agriculture are introduced. They build towns and cities. Neat dwellings and smiling villages dot the landscape where they dwell. Fenced and cultivated fields, with gardens of beauty and bending harvests, lie all around them. Highways and railroads and bridges facilitate brotherly intercourse, and open the path for a prosperous commerce. Every man is a freeholder. No lazy, thriftless, beggared tenants occupy their farms. No loafing, drinking, swearing idlers are tolerated around them. They live for the blessings of a loving home, not for ambition. Their studies are literature and science, not politics. Labor is to them an honor and a joy, not a disgrace. Love, and argument, and just legislation are their rule, and not the lordly lash, nor the sway of imperious passions. Religion is their safeguard, not the dirk and the pistol. They constitute in their society a free, harmonious, rational democracy, not a plantation oligarchy. In the Slave States there are three classes, patricians, plebeians, and slaves—in Kansas there is only one, freemen.

Now, contrast with all this the character of the borderers who have made repeated invasions upon their rights. They are not themselves slaveholders, most of them, but slaveholders' tools—the refuse of a Slave State—the most ignoble, craven, degraded of all Southern population. It is one of the worst features of Slavery that it does thus degrade a class of the whites. These men cannot be called free and educated citizens, and hardly within the pale of civilization. Tobacco and whiskey are their staples of food. Dogs and horses are their domestic stock.

Guns and fish-poles are their implements of labor. Bowie-knives are their chief source of amusement. A slave population is their ideal of society. Delights of conversation, domestic joys, elegances of a scholarlike culture, are as distant from their notions as the sunlight from Nova Zembla. Books, and literature and lyceums would be to them a complete surprise.

Nôw is it likely that the free settlers of Kansas would quietly yield to such a government as that of the borderers? Especially when they had no more right there, forming a legislature, than the inhabitants of the moon? Without the shadow of authority they came in with their illegal assembly, and instituted at once a draconian, barbarian code, whose spirit was that of the middle ages, and whose support was the bowie-knife alone. They prohibited at once, with severest penalties, freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Now, those Yankee, Free State settlers are somewhat accustomed to free discussion. They can debate questions warmly, and tolerate a pretty wide difference of opinion and love one another still—but padlocks do not sit easily upon their lips.

They are not distinguished for garrulousness, and are not very likely to speak till they are spoken to. But when they speak they have something to say. Having been endowed by Heaven with intellect, they regard it as a privilege to think. Having been to school and exercised their common sense—having studied the Bible and to some extent principles of jurisprudence—they profess to have some understanding of laws of equity. Laws against free speech, in old English History, did not agree very well with the Saxon constitution—they are not likely to be easily digested by New England stomachs now. Ever since the days of the Boston Port Bill, and the old echoes of Faneuil Hall, such measures have not been entirely successful in keeping their tongues quiet or their souls at rest. Bowie-knives would be apt to wake up a sleeping energy. A mob of lawless men around them, dictating such laws at the sabre's point, and threatening utter extermination to their infant settlements, would be apt to stir their blood.

When this country asserted her independence, and went to

war with England, the aggression was a claim of taxation without representation. Which was the greatest injury, that, or the breaking down of all representation? and the imposition of a sanguinary code, more oppressive and intolerant than any Turkish firman, upon the free and innocent settlers? Threepence a pound on tea, demanded without right, was the basis of the Revolution. Read the laws of the fraudulent Kansas Legislature, and see which you think would bring a citizen to the point of earnest resistance first, that, or threepence on tea! Says Mr. Webster in one of his most impassioned and powerful appeals, when describing the stealthy advances of unjust power, "our fathers went to war against a preamble. They accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and blood like water, in a contest, in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty, would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye or well directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it to the smallest fibre. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, or liberty itself is put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom." If the encroachments in Kansas are not enough to awaken attention, we should not be aroused though the whole frame of government were dissolved, and the Free States were to be borne down by oppression's insurgent and arrogant rule.

3. It is said in opposition to the claims of Freedom that we are "feeding the fires of sectionalism already too hot." *Sectionalism* is the word, let us mark it, and comprehend it.

It is sectionalism, is it, for a man to resist the extension of Slavery over the fair fields of free territory, wasting all the wealth and beauty of its agriculture as the hoofs of Attila's squadrons wasted the campagnas of the South? It is section-

alism, is it, if we say that freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of education, freedom of labor must be preserved in Kansas, and that a tyranny cannot come in there which prostrates all the hopes of man more terribly and fatally than the usurpation of Verres crushed the liberties of Sicily! *Sectionalism*, if we plead for the holy sanctions of truth, and honor, and mercy, and justice, and solemn covenant, and plighted faith, and constitutional rights, and say that the soil consecrated to freedom, by all possible guarantees in 1820, should not be wrenched away from freedom in 1856! *Sectionalism*, if we ask the rulers of our land to carry out their own vaunted principle of popular sovereignty, and allow the actual settlers of Kansas to choose their own institutions and laws! *Sectionalism*, if we implore the God of nations and of battles to interpose his omnipotent arm, and to shield our kindred in that beleaguered Territory from the slaughtering hand of ruthless oppressors! *Sectionalism*, if we insist that a false, illegal Legislature of Missourians shall not abrogate the electoral franchise of Kansas, and impose the most bloody and intolerant code, enacted in the 19th century, upon that innocent and long suffering people! *Sectionalism*, if we cry out against a murderous assault upon a beloved Senator on the floor of Congress, sitting peacefully at his desk, kindling into communion with the nation and the world that great spirit of power, writing letters of love to the friends of his bosom—if we cry out, I say, against such an outrage, by which all our rights are cloven down and all our liberties lie bleeding, and entreat the citizens to speak by voice, and pen, and press, and to rise in the dignity of their electoral suffrage, and at the ballot box teach Slavery, and her murderous bullies a lesson! If this be sectionalism then nationality, and humanity are fled from the land, to dwell with brute beasts of the Rocky Mountains, or with the wildest denizens of the woods in barbaric claims. If this be sectionalism, then, there is no nationalism, nor patriotism in earth or in Heaven, and the mighty archangel of disorder, when he gathered his rebel host,

“Trailing his vast artillery of war,”

might have said to Gabriel, “ground your arms, my friend, for

you are introducing sectionalism into heaven; submit to me, with all your troops, and then there shall be a national rule." Sectionalism! sectionalism!! may the God who rules above, and who holds in his hands the spirit of freedom and of power, send to our unhappy North a new installment of such sectionalism as this.

4. It is said in excuse for the outrages and in opposition to the claims of Freedom, that Mr. Sumner and other advocates of the cause are idealists, lacking that statesmanlike, common sense which is necessary. "Mr. Sumner is a gentleman and a scholar"—I use the words of a leading democratic print of Boston—"he is a gentleman and a scholar, but he is not a practical man." He may plead, like Cicero, till Catalines shall grow pale in the face—he may thunder, like Demosthenes, till tyrants and slavery extensionists shall quake in their shoes—he may stir up the national heart to lofty decision, like Kossuth, so that the people shall be ready to exclaim, with impressible enthusiasm, "give us liberty or give us death," but he is not a practical man. I conclude we have all read the history of nations with a different eye, and have reached somewhat different conclusions. In every age, and in every free province, the great orator has sown the seeds of thought, and kindled, in the popular heart, the love of right, and planted Liberty's fruit bearing tree. Where would have been our Republic, when the great hour of '76 had struck, if we had not had men like James Otis and Josiah Quincy, Patrick Henry and John Rutledge? Yet they were not practical men. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true that they were scholars, gentlemen, orators, but not practical men. Edmund Burke and Lord Chatham, when they faced the hostile Parliament of Great Britain, pleading for American rights, were denounced as unpractical. Pity that they had not had a little more common sense, like Lord North and George Grenville. Pity that they were led away by womanish sentimentalism and vain theories of human rights to waste their breath in idle words, and cast away their power over the destinies of many nations. Pity that when Russell, and Sydney, and Vane and Elliott plead for liberty in tones of loftiest eloquence, and in a spirit of entire

self-forgetfulness, dying the martyr's death in attestation of their sincerity, that they had not had a little more practical talent. Pity that Joseph Warren, who sleeps sweetly where Bunker's monument soars proudly, ~~had not been a practical man—he~~ might have died quietly in his bed, and seen his country wear Britain's yoke 50 years longer if he had only been a practical man! No, my friends, when we decry the great parliamentary and popular orator, whose life is an evidence of his devotion to right, whose inspiration is the spirit of freedom, who is ready to face deadly peril that he may promote his country's welfare and seek to stigmatize him as a dreamy idealist, lacking practical ability, we forget the whole philosophy of mind, and all the lessons of history. Great enterprises of pith and moment have always been born in the student's brain. The profound thinker, meditating and elaborating in the seclusion of his closet, filling his intellect with the great discoveries of truth, rousing his soul with the sublime principles of freedom, until heart and brain are on fire with the grandeur of his conceptions, has then come forth into the popular assembly and kindled a flame which will emancipate many republics and illuminate many nations. There is no great scheme of benevolence which the world has ever known, no splendid reform of government, or morals which has not been devised by the studious thinker, and carried forward by the true hearted popular orator, more than by any other classes of men. And such men we are to believe, are not practical men. Mr. Sumner's speech on Kansas has certainly produced a very practical effect. The fear, and anger, and conscious defeat, and baffled hopes, and irrepressible shame of the slavery extensionists are practical results. The blows which levelled him to the earth, and pounded his head till it was one mass of blood, and left him with exultant rage, panting and insensible may probably be called a practical result. And the influence which that speech will have in rousing the free citizens of this wide country, stirring them like a bugle call, inspiriting them with hope, and courage, and indomitable purpose, listened to it may be as the martyr's last words, carrying dismay through all the hosts of oppression, I think may be called very practical. Here in this house of God,

to-day let us reverently lift up our thanks to the almighty King that he has given such a champion to the cause of Freedom—let us importunately beseech our Heavenly Father to preserve his valuable life, and to endow him with wisdom, courage and grace to fight other moral battles, and to win greater triumphs than these.

5. It is said in excuse for the outrages committed, that the Kansas settlers did wrong in going armed. I am greatly surprised to meet this objection. It has been the universal custom of the country, and the admitted rule by every law and every sentiment for the people to have arms. It is expressly guaranteed in the constitution. The old firelock, hung upon two hooks by the kitchen chimney in the dwelling of every farmer, and well nigh of every citizen, has been for centuries, one of the institutions of the land. We have no standing army, but we have a people who carry a moral defence in their bosoms, and who lay by a physical defence over the fire-place. They do not make any great bravado—their courage does not locate itself chiefly on the end of the tongue—you do not see the flash of their powder very often—but if you assail their rights, and do them deadly wrong, you will find there was bravery low down in the heart. I suppose the men of Kansas are a good deal like the men of New England, coming naturally by the resemblance. Probably no individual in this house would deny the right of self-defence. You read of the Pilgrims coming to this desolate wilderness, going to their little farms and setting up their rifles by the side of the fence, while they planted their corn and reaped their grain, and you honor them from your deepest soul, for their heroism as well as their religion. You know full well that they carried their muskets to church, and stacked their arms while they prayed, and shouldered their guns as they took their perilous way to their homes; and you acknowledge, with gratitude to God, that their warlike furniture helped to nourish their religion and to purchase ours. You are not prepared to brand your revolutionary fathers as pirates and murderers, and to say that your liberties were bought by an impious assault upon the rights of man and the laws of God.

Now it was the right of the men who went to Kansas to carry arms. On all the wide frontier men have always carried arms. No new territory, no north-western State has ever been settled without arms. They need them for the support of life before harvests are gathered, or if harvests fail, or, whatever their harvests, they need them for the increase of food in that country of abounding game. They need them against wild Indians, and wild beasts. Sad events have shown that they need them for defence against white men, kindred with themselves in form, but kindred with the wolves of the prairie in spirit. They did not carry them for that purpose. They did not anticipate any such wicked foray upon their rights. They did not stir up evil passions, and provoke assault. They carried arms according to common usage, and a common sense of propriety, and for an obvious necessity; they have been patient and enduring to the last degree, but Heaven kindly and wisely appointed that they should be prepared for self-defence. Four times have their invaders, from another State, come in upon them, with fearful menaces and impious blasphemies, excited by whiskey, mad with rage, and drunk with lies, prepared for any extreme of rioting and plunder, and blood. Three times did they trample down the elective franchise, and the fourth did they come with the avowed and settled purpose of sweeping Lawrence and other parts of Kansas with an indiscriminate slaughter and an utter desolation. Lawrence has been desolated. War and rapine, and conflagration, and massacre, and the letting loose of all passions have been introduced into that territory. If they do not stand upon their self-defence those free State settlers will be slaughtered like oxen in the shambles, and their wives and children, if spared from the gleaming steel, will be led into captivity, there to be the sport of all lawless impulses. Thanks to a merciful and covenant-keeping God, that they have arms with which to repel barbarian invasions, and that they have been endowed with a spirit to forbear while forbearance was possible, and to stand to their arms when there has been no other defence. Thanks to a kind Providence, that then and there, as so often in the early history of New England, there are men to barri-

cade their houses, to bolt and double bolt the lower doors, and then from the port holes of the chamber windows to stand to their guns, while there, as before, there are women, patient in sorrows, timid in common dangers, but-nerved by a peculiar strength from God for the holy work of the critical hour, to moulder their bullets, and handle cartridge, and supply them while they fire, with loaded guns. I am a peace man, most devoutly and thoroughly. I believe that most wars are atrocious and godless to the last degree ; but I believe there is a holy self-defence, else I should give up all governments, and all penalties of all degrees. I believe that if self-defence was ever holy and necessary, it is so in the case of the free State settlers who are now beleaguered in Kansas.

Brethren and sisters of this commonwealth, and of this great Republic, in the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, the question comes home to us with solemn significance, what shall we do in this fearful crisis? We are looking into one another's faces with fear, and painful anticipations of evil to come, asking of one another, What is it our duty to do? It is our duty, first of all, to go to the Bible, and imbue our hearts with the precepts of the Divine Word, and with the spirit of Christ. It is our duty to meditate with a holy awe, as the Covenanters meditated in the glens of Scotland when Claverhouse was upon them, and his claymores were drinking the blood of their aged ones, their women and their children. It is our duty to arm our hearts with courage and with trust in God, such as Ridley and Latimer, and John Rogers, and John Huss manifested, when the ignominious scaffold and the roaring flame were more welcome to them than apostacy from the truth. It is our duty to stir up one another's pure minds by way of remembrance ; to recur to revolutionary and ante-revolutionary times ; to cherish anew the religious faith on which our liberties were founded ; and to seek to bring back to the bosoms of the sons the spirit of the sires. It is our duty to speak forth our abhorrence of this new and most alarming assault upon Freedom ; every parent before the circle of his children ; every patriot before the circle of his friends ; every minister, as God may

give him utterance, before his congregation ; every editor, proclaiming his convictions by that mighty engine, the press ; every public speaker wherever God may open the door for the presentation of this theme. As yet we have a New England, from which the memories of the past have not all departed. As yet we have an old Bay State that has done duty for freedom and for religion in perilous times. As yet we have a Granite Commonwealth, which has given statesmen to the Republic, and heroes to our country's history. As yet we have a Faneuil Hall, the cradle of Liberty, and many other halls open for discussion, where that cradle has received many a jog, nursing the blessed infant from feebleness up to strength. As yet we have an unchained pulpit and an unchained pen ; free tongues and a free press ; let us cling to them yet a little longer. And if we would cling to them, it behooves us to let the world know what we think of the tyranny enacted in Kansas ; what we think of beating a Senator well nigh to death with a bludgeon, for words spoken in debate. It is our duty to pray as the Pilgrim Fathers prayed on Plymouth Rock, with hearts deeply penitent, with holy hands lifted to God, pleading with supplications of strong desire, when their feet stood on the frozen shore, and the tempest was over their heads, and the angry ocean behind, and the fierce savages on either hand, and perils, and self-denials and deaths before them in all their way. It is our duty to employ the ballot, instrument of power. Its fall may be silent as the snow-flake from the wintry sky, but in the hands of intelligent and religious freemen it is mightier than the tread of armed hosts, swifter than the lightning which rives the oak, more terrible to tyrants than the voice of doom.

We are now at that point when civil war will ensue, blood without limit will flow, and utter desolation and war will come if we do not make a firm stand for liberty. If the North are united, the danger will be averted. If we are divided Slavery's awful schemes will be triumphant. If Northern legislatures, and Northern presses, and Northern assemblies are agreed, if professional and educated men, both laic and clerical do their duty, if all our citizens exercise wisely their unquestionable right of

ballot, the aggressions of borderism and of Slavery will be stayed, the supremacy of popular rights and of Christ's divine code will be reëstablished, the storm of fratricidal strife will be hushed. It is no time for cowardice, or compromises now. Silence is, in my judgment, a fearfully unwise policy. He who loves his country must speak or die. He who loves Freedom and his Bible must stand or be a slave. If we are silent now, Slavery aggression will never be stayed. Injustice will be emboldened, and will go on till it can be borne no longer. Then will come a fierce reaction, more fierce and more terrible because it did not come sooner. The battle must be fought by us or by our children; when can it be fought more successfully? Slavery keeps no truce, obeys no law; observes no promise. It enters into a professed compromise for a time, simply that it may lay upon its oars, recruit its strength, and watch its advantage. Read the speeches of Mr. Calhoun in 1850, when he declared that the Ordinance of 1787 was the first great mistake made by the country, the Missouri Compromise the second, and the admission of California as a free State the third, and then decide as to the purposes of the South.

There are certain christian men, both at the North and the South, who are perpetually urging silence, and arguing the innocence of Slavery. We could leave the question with them, if they had any control over it; we have confidence in their integrity; but they are simply and only playing into the hands of unscrupulous politicians, whose designs are to give this universal empire to Slavery; to extend this iron rule from Northern lake to Southern gulf; from the hoarse roar of the Atlantic to the milder dashings of the Pacific. Their purpose is fixed and remorseless in this matter, and the hearts of freemen must be fixed, or the Republic perishes. It is not a juncture for silence or compromises. The aggressors upon the rights of Kansas are striking at the very soul of liberty. It is the Thermopylæ for the whole land. Here lie the guarded straits of safety or of death. If we shrink back through indolent ease; if we faint and cower in the strangeness of a deluded apathy, war will inevitably come. The history of the past fifty years shows that

concessions from Freedom only invite aggressions from Slavery. Oppression has advanced her whole artillery of death, and raised her arrogant demands as Liberty has timidly retired. A bold and determined stand at any former crisis would have been far more easily successful than now; it will be far easier now than ten years hence. Webster, the greatest intellect of our country, made one such stand in 1833, when he smote down the Nullification theory, and Jackson, and Silas Wright, and Levi Woodbury leaned on his strong arm for support, and the wheels of government, chained and creaking for a time, again rolled smoothly. O, that God had given him grace to make another stand on the 7th of March, 1850! But in that sorrowful crisis he failed, and the Philistines led him away blindfold to grind in the prison house, and it is to be feared, in the terrible wrestling his giant might, to pull down the pillars of the confederation upon Slavery and Freedom both. When, O ye Northern men, will ye stand and buffet the aggressive onset? Every passing year of inaction makes a final stand more difficult; the collision when it does come more fearful; and Slavery's ultimate victory more probable. There must be a stand or Freedom dies. The battles of the Lord of Hosts are not all ended. The martyr's spirit is needed now. It is hard to believe that some of us may be called to stand in the serried files of war, but I believe it. It was hard for the Puritans to face their foes; it was hard for our fathers to rise against England; it is dreadful to think that Slavery will force us into civil war for our home-born and home-bred rights. But I believe that the event is near unless the people are faithful in the coming November. Our country is in danger—

“A thousand years scarce serve to form a State;
One hour may lay it in the dust; how then,
Can man its shattered splendors renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish time and fate”—

I perform to-day a painful duty. It is painful to *seem* to encourage strife. I do not encourage strife. I believe that the earnest and inflexible and religious decision which I recommend are the only sure peace measures. But my remarks may be

misinterpreted, and this it is which pains me. I stand for freedom, for Religion, for my country's weal—they are more to be valued than reputation, or comfort, or life.

It would be for my own personal ease, and immediate satisfaction to be still. If Slavery spreads over the land, the oppressive tide may not reach New England in my day. I can preach to a generous, confiding people, while God gives me strength, and they are willing to hear me; or I can retire to a little nook of rocky soil, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, living on, in the enjoyment of freedom through my brief hour. But O my country, what is in reserve for thee? If galling chains must bind thine unfettered limbs—if all institutions of freedom and religion must be crushed by a remorseless oligarchy—would that I had never been born, or that I might now fulfil a freeman's duty.